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## The Manchester Journal.

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BY D. E. SIMONDS,

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(Foot of Mt. Equinox.)

Manchester, [M17] Vermont.

Open from June to October.

**THAYER'S HOTEL,**

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Good horses and carriages for hire at all hours.

Orders left at Colburn's House will be promptly  
attended to.

Factory Point, Vt., June 24, 1878. [M17]

**TAILORING!**

A nice line of samples just received. Suits

from \$10 to \$20 made to order by

**H. L. BLACKBURN,**

Factory Point, Vt., June 6th, 1878. [M17]

**FOR SALE,**

Two and a half story

**DWELLING HOUSE ON MAIN STREET.**

near the Equinox House. Fine location, one and

a quarter to five acres of land, stable, garden

and orchard. Good well on the premises. Price

low. Apply to

**BURTON & MUNSON,**

Manchester, Vt., July 23rd, 1878. [M17]

**FOR SALE.**

ONE OF DRAKE'S

**Automatic Gas Machines,**

with pipes and fixtures, complete. For price

see list of prices.

**WAIT & HARD,**

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Having purchased the shop of H. M. Williams

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**Howe's Block,**

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I shall manufacture all kinds of harness

from the best material.

He was dogged and sulky from the first,

and we had to know each other two

hours before we had a quarrel. Next day

we fought again, and after that we did

not exchange a word for four weeks.

When I saw how mean he was, and

found that kind words, kind wishes and

a friendly interest would not touch him,

I let him alone as far as I could, and

contented myself with knowing that every

member of Company E hated him as much

as I did.

One night a band of twenty-five men

moved out of our camp to a scout across

the London Valley, then held by Mosby,

and he placed Jim Shanks alongside of

me. He was selected by accident, it being

the intention to take a better man,

but he was there just the same, silent,

sullen, and ready to elbow or bayonet

anyone who accidentally brushed him.

That night as we filed along the muddy

highway, speaking only in whispers, I

saw Jim in front of me and I whispered

to myself:

Jim Shanks, if you don't get killed

down here you'll be hung for murder be-

fore you are out of the army a year.

Just in the gray of the morning, and

when within a mile of Union Town, Jim

Shanks and myself were sent forward to

reconnoiter. I would sooner have gone

alone, and ten times sooner had the com-

pany of anyone else, but luck decided it.

We said not a word. I watched Jim

and I saw that he was as cool as an old

soldier. He knew as well as I did that

we were advancing on Mosby's head-

quarters, but he stepped out boldly and

with no change in his demeanor.

When we had nearly reached the

church standing on the hill above the

town and facing the road leading away

to Leesburg, I halted, knowing that a

picket-post must be near. I had not ex-

changed a word with Jim for days, but

now I whispered to him that we must

proceed with caution.

If you are tired, sit down in the mud,

he growled, striding along, and after a

minute I followed him, both of us walk-

ing on the side of the highway. I knew

he would soon strike the picket, but it

was to either follow Jim or turn back.

Suddenly and without a word, five or six

men rose up in our path. I had barely

discovered them when one seized my

carbine and another tripped me down,

while a third growled out:

If you make any fuss you'll get a bullet

mighty quick.

I didn't propose to make any fuss, but

Jim Shanks did. The two men who grab-

bed at him were brushed off like flies,

and whirling his carbine around his head

he cleared a path for himself and was lost

in the darkness. More than a dozen sold-

iers were fired after him, and being inter-

cepted on his retreat down the road he made

for the church on the hill. Before he re-

ached it there were a score of enemies

about him, and the reports of the carbines

sounded more like a brisk skirmish than

a conflict with a single soldier, and a raw

recruit at that. I think he meant to get

into the church, though he could not have

told whether it was a church or other

building in the darkness. Failing to get

in, he found a retreat under the front

steps, and in the darkness the confeder-

ates believed that he had escaped al-

together. They however threw a line of

videtts across roads and fields, and it

would not have been possible for Jim to

regain the road by which he had come.

Had the rest of the command moved

on bearing the row, there might have

been a show to release both of us, but

they did not come. By the time the sol-

diers had given up the search for Jim,

our comrades were on the back track for

the Potomac.

I was retained at the picket-post be-

cause Mosby's lieutenant was there, and

because he hoped to bribe or frighten me

into furnishing him information of value.

I was, therefore, in position to see the

result of Jim Shanks' work, single hand-

ed and alone. When he broke away he

disabled one man by a blow from his

carbine. In his flight he killed one and

wounded two others. Wounded and

## JIM SHANKS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR.

Manchester, [M17] Vermont.

The boys used to say that you could

not understand a man until you had

talked with him at the front, and there

was considerable weight to the saying. A

comrade might be known as a jolly, good

hearted fellow at home, but his whole

nature would change in a week when

you had him where the real manhood and

worth of a man came to the surface, or

where a miserably mean spirit took the

place of it and disgusted you with him.

A comrade who shared his last cracker,

performed his full share of camp and

field work, stood by you in sickness and

divided clothing with you in health—

such a man was more to you than all the

brothers at home, and if he lived to come

out of the war has not been forgotten.

The army is the place where a man can

be meaner than dirt and uglier than a

wolf, and yet retain his place in the ranks

or he can be a white man all through and

receive no reward except the gratitude

of his tent mate.

Now, I never saw a meaner private

soldier or a more sulky and morose tent

mate than luck gave me in the winter of

1864-5. He came down to us in the fall

a recruit, having enlisted for the big

bounty, and at that time the old vets who

had faced shot and shell for several years

had an edge-wise feeling against these

fresh fish, who had pocketed five or six

hundred dollars and came down to spend

the winter in a warm tent. Some of the

recruits realized this, and by their kind

nature and pleasant ways soon banished

the feeling so far as they were concerned.

Others were nettled and indignant, and

were not inclined that the old vets should

get relieved of one single camp duty be-

cause of the new men.

Fate or luck sent me Jim Shanks as a

tent mate. He was Jim some one else,

but the nick-name was very appropriate.

He was dogged and sulky from the first,

and we had to know each other two

hours before we had a quarrel. Next day

we fought again, and after that we did

not exchange a word for four weeks.

When I saw how mean he was, and

found that kind words, kind wishes and

a friendly interest would not touch him,

I let him alone as far as I could, and

contented myself with knowing that every

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